

An Unlikely Pair

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Summary: A Marine falls in love with an Elite, and the Elite falls back! Will they find a way to express their feelings and be together? Based on a dream. Review if you like it! Rating may change later in story. [Soon to be rewritten] Halo

1. The Encounter

Okâ€¦ this came to me in a really weird dream. I was the human (yes, I used my real name) and some random Elite.** Yes, the main character is a Spartan.**** Takes place in the original Halo, on the second level. Wow, I remember a lot! It's beenâ€¦ over a year since I last played this game!**** Oh yes, don't get mad at me if the Elite's name sucks! I don't really know what kind of names they use. Unless you want something like Regret, Truth, or Mercy. JK! Anywaysâ€¦ read onâ€¦**

"Hey John, mind speeding up a bit?" Kylie yelled into the COM in her helmet. She wanted speed. Wanted to rid the universe of these vile beings as fast as logic permitted.

She got a chuckle as an answer, and all the sudden, the Warthog zoomed forward with more power. For a moment, she lost her balance, but quickly regained composure. She didn't want to fall off the turret. Just then, she felt the vehicle go up a steep slope and soar through the air. As they drifted back down, she felt her insides move and begin to tingle. Her muscles stiffened as an attempt to absorb the shock in a less painful way.

It hit the ground with a loud THUMP, but John still managed to keep control of it. The marine in the passenger seat of the Warthog yelled a 'hoo rah!' after they made impact. Kylie, on the other hand, just rolled her eyes and she couldn't help but smile at John's childish side. She knew, however, that he was alert and watching for any Covenant soldiers that may be in the area. She snapped back to attention as she remembered where they were. There were enemies to be killed, humans to be saved.

Now they were in a cave. It looked to be made of carved stone or metal. After a few sharp turns, they found themselves in a large room with many enemies to be seen. John ran down what he could, and Kylie took care of what he couldn't. The marine was of little use, but managed to kill a few grunts.

John scoped out the area and made sure that no member of the Covenant remained alive. He got back into the Warthog and started driving towards the other end of the room. They found themselves at the edge of a large pit in between them and the other side.

"There should be a switch or something, somewhere", called Kylie to John. "I'll go look."

John nodded in agreement and eyed the room. "Try over there", he suggested, pointing to a small cluster of pillars.

She thanked him and got out of the turret, then made sure her gun was loaded and sprinted to the place he pointed.

After quickly looking over the pillars, she noticed a small opening in the wall. It was hard to see in the dim lighting, so she clicked on her flashlight. An entrance leading to a steep incline shone in the beam. _Oh, yes. VERY original. _She made her way up the ramp and made a left, spotting elite that donned red armor. _You would think that the security here would be better._ It had no time to react before she gunned it down mercilessly.

Kylie continued the short journey up the access ramp to a glowing, holographic control panel. _How the hell they do this, I do not know._ Somehow, she knew exactly what to press and move to make a bridge of light appear before John and the Warthog. _Well I'll be damned._

She turned to go back down, only to find the elite she had supposedly 'killed' swinging his plasma rifle at her. The impact was harder than she expected, and managed to turn her helmet to where the lock was undone and it flew off. It fell over the edge, crashing against the incline before being consumed in total darkness. _Shit, shit, shit, SHIT!!!!_ Kylie was trained not to panic, but she usually acted on instinct, and that was what made her a good soldier. She wasn't the type to clear her mind and think rationally during anything. Her reflexes did all the work. But now, now her reflexes betrayed her, and she froze up, eyes wide with fear and looking straight at the monster that had managed the impossible. She was now officially dead.

He wacked her around a bit more, then shot at her some until she was reduced to a bloody heap on the floor. _I'm going to die here, I just know it. Why has my body betrayed me? Is this punishment for all the wrong I have done in my life?_ All these thoughts raced through her head as she felt herself being rolled over the edge.

Her body snapped back to attention, and she grabbed for something to keep her from falling. Successfully snagging something, her body relaxed for a moment. Then she realized what she was holding on to. _The elite!_

Kylie let go immediately, then hung onto the ledge with her left arm

while reaching for her gun with the other. She shot the elite and pulled him down to her, then let him fall into the abyss.

She sighed. _Now that that is over, let's get back to, OUCH!_ Now that the adrenaline wasn't in her system anymore, she realized that the elite had done a toll on her. Her arm must be broken in several places, and her ribs and legs were probably in no better condition.

Then the nausea and weariness hit. She was so tired. When was the last time she slept? She had taken a quick nap on the way down on the pelican, but other than that, she couldn't remember when the last time she got any real sleep was. Her mind leisurely dulled as she ignored the honking of a nearby vehicle. Sleep. Sleep was all she cared about. Still holding fast to the ledge with her good arm, she fell into unconsciousness.

2. Names

**Ok, this is weird. This story has been up for only a few days, and it's my most popular! Isn't that strange? Guess I should stick to dreaming instead of thinking! Anyways, we'll be out of the dream and into my devious mind in this chapter, sometime. Sort of like how C.S. Lewis wrote Narnia. Yes, ok. **

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John was worried now. He had seen the battle take place on the ledge, but figured she could handle herself. That was before her and the Elite had gone over. The Marine had seen it, too, and his face showed it. No way had he ever thought it possible for a Spartan to be eliminated by ONE Elite. All hope that he had managed to keep alive had flickered out of existence.

"Come on, Soldier, get on the turret. We don't have any time to spare." John may have sounded cold and uncaring, but that wasn't the case. He had no idea that another one of his friends had survived everything, and he rejoiced when he saw her step off the Pelican and greet him with the most famous Spartan gesture of all time. She dragged her fingers across the helmet where her mouth was. She was smiling.

Now all the memories were coming back of how he had lost the rest of his team on Reach, and how he lost so many before that.

Once the Marine was secure in the back, John cautiously made his way toward the light bridge. He didn't know if it was solid, but figured that it was worth a try. The Warthog lurched forward with a sudden burst of speed, and they flew across the bridge smoothly. It was all he could do to not hold his breath.

When they reached the other side, the battle for Halo beganâ€¦|

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> <p>Kylie awoke ever so slowly from her wonderful state of unconsciousness. Her vision cleared gradually, revealing a red-clad

Elite sitting in front of her.<p>

"What the hell?!?" She jumped and almost lost her grip. She knew she couldn't even fight off a grunt in her position, but she also wondered why he wasn't attacking her. "Why aren't you trying to kill me? Is it because you enjoy seeing your mortal enemy swinging from a ledge while holding on for dear life?"

"No, Human. I did not want to pull you up here when you wereâ€| asleep."

She was stunned. This Elite knew English? Well, he seemed not to know the larger words, but they could work around that.

"Help me up?"

"Yes. Is that so hard for you to grasp?" He stood up and walked to her, grabbing her arm once he was close enough.

She tensed, thinking that this could just be a trap. _Why would he trick me? He could leave me here to die or easily push me over the edge._ Still, she was wary of anything he tried to do.

One of her legs didn't seem to be as injured as any other part of her body, so she tried to push off the flat, polished surface to help. Then she hooked her leg over the edge and pulled upwards with the rest of her energy. Once on solid ground, Kylie rested a bit.

"Thankâ€| you", she said breathlessly.

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Taken by surprise, the Elite just stood there. He had never been shown gratitude by a human. Or anyone, for that matter. Even before he was forced down in the ranks for several crimes he had not committed, none of his men had thanked him for saving their sorry asses.

"Youâ€| are welcome, Human." Why was he doing this? Showing mercy to the enemy. Then he glanced down at the armor she was wearing. "Dear Prophetsâ€| it's the Demon."

"Excuse me?"

"Youâ€| you slaughtered several of my brethren without so much as a flesh wound!"

"Nope, sorry. Wrong Spartan. You must be talking about the Chief."

"WHAT? You are telling me that there is more than one?" He was stunned. Never in his whole life had he thought of the possibility that the Humans may have more than one. "Explain to me, now, Human."

"Wellâ€| I would really appreciate if you would stop calling me 'Human'. I do have a name, you know."

"Will it get you to tell me what I want to know?"

She nodded. "My rank is Spartan 024. You may call me Kylie. And what may I call you?"

He blanked out. Or as some humans would say, he had a brainfart. When he was higher in rank, they called him what he was. Now it was 'You' or 'Traitorous Scumbag', but he had never had a real name.

"I have no name."

She sat there against the wall, befuddled. No name? Cruel much.

"Well, how about a name I have always admired? Leo. It's my birth sign, and means lion. In most cultures, lions are a sign of strength and pride. What do ya' say?"

"Leo? Hmmâ€¦ I- It would be a honor to bear a name with so much respect." _Fool! Remember the questions!_ He shook his head. "Now will you tell me what I wish to learn?" Leo looked down at the Kylie. She was sitting against the wall, eyes closed, and breathing slowly. Now he remembered why he sat there in the first place.

Her face, even through the matted blood, radiated beauty. He could only imagine what she looked like clean. Her brown hair wasn't long, but wasn't as short as you would expect. It was bobbed and held back in a low ponytail that had come undone. The pale, ivory skin was flawless, unless you counted the cuts she had gotten from her previous run-in with an Elite. Not what you would expect a terrorizing warrior to look like.

Leo sighed. There was something about her, but he just couldn't put his finger on it. _I should stand watch. _With that, he grabbed his Plasma Rifle, and stationed himself near the doorway.

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Yay! Chappie done! Probably stinks so bad that you'll never want to read it again, but I can't say I blame you. I accept suggestions and constructive criticism! Just don't cuss me out. Please? Mwhahaha! Next one should be up when I get 15 reviews for this chapter!

End
file.